# THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

 Write claimly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
 Use pen and ink, not pencil.
 Short and pointed articles will dren be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only

will be used.

5. Write your name, age and address plainly of the bottom of the Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforwardly act, Be honest-in fact, Be nobody else but you."

#### POETRY.

The Little Lad's Answer.

Our little lad came in one day.
With dusty shoes and tired feet.
His playtime had been hard and long
Out in the summers' mountide heat,
"I'm giad I'm home," he cried, and

hung
His torn straw hat up in the hall,
While in the corner near the door He put away his bat and ball.

"I wonder why," his auntie said,
"This little lad comes always here, When there are many other homes
As nice as this, and quite as near?
He stood a moment, deep in thought, Then, with the lovelight in his eye, is pointed where his mother sat, And said, "She lives here, that is

With beaming face the mother heard; Her mother heart was very glad. A true, sweet answer he had given— That thoughtful, loving, little lad, And well I know that hosts of lads Are just as loving, true, and dear; hat they would answer as he did, "'Tis home, for mother's living here." —Susan Teall Perry,

#### UNCLE JED'S TALK WITH WIDE. AWAKES.

Everything we have to pay for we do not pay for in money, and it is a good thing to learn this early,

One of the most costly things in life is disobedience. The little girl or boy obey is getting in the way of trouble and peril.

The disobedient are never popular, because they are too often refusing to

place. They jose their lives by doing what they were told not to do.

up it is always venturing where it is advised not to. You see, to get the habit of disobedience as a child is to grow up to lack caution as a man or a common to the meat breeds.

There are also breeds raised for eggs and meat. Some of these are the Plymouth Rock, Wyandotte and Rhode Island Red.

Some of the egg breeds are Leghorn, Windows and Shanish woman, and ships are wrecked, all Minorca and Spanish.

The ornamental breeds are the Game, kinds of business ruined and even armies defeated because of this great

If you could ask the prisoners in where, the cause of their troubles, you the henhouses. A window set into the where, the cause of their troubles, you the henhouses. A window set into the would find they are those who have roof to supply light in the back is a been beedless in life, that is, they have not rightly valued the benefits which it should be two inches thick. result from obedience.

Disobedience of orders causes all sorts of accidents in life, great losses of property and no end of misery.

"I won't" is the sourest fruit that grows on the tree of life, and from it the vinegar of life is naturally fermented.

"I won't" from your lips gives notice that you are rebellious and cannot be depended upon, and it is those who cannot be depended upon who make up the ne'er-do-wells of the world.

You would be surprised if you knew the disorder, ifves and property which disobedience costs every year. Disobe-

dience imperils every good thing in

It would not do to talk to dull children upon such a subject as this, but Wide-Awakes are capable of learning that one of the worst faults in life is a habit of disobedience—that it costs more than anyone can afford to pay

Norwich

It is wise, then, for children to obey their parents, not merely to please their parents, but also to make of themselves dependable men and women in all the walks of life.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Bertha Fuller of Eagleville, Conn.: 1 received the prize book. I like it very much. I have read it through. The title of it is The Little Lame Prince. Please accept my thanks for the same. Eleanor P. Norton of Norwich: Thank yau very, very much for the prize book you gave me. It was very interesting and I have read it all through. Thank you again.

Sarah Hyman of Norwich: I thank you ever so much for the prize book you gave me.

Frank Pardy of Norwich: I thank ou for the nice prize book you gave ie. I like Alger books.

#### THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS. 1-Irene Kiedasch of Norwich, His

Lordship's Puppy.

2-Lloyd Rathbun of Norwich, The Square Dollar Boys Smash the Ring. 3-E. Abbott Smith of Burnside, The 4-Dora Diggins of Willimantic, Mis-

5-George Farrell of Norwich, Water 6-Bertha Fuller of Hank's Hill, Mis-

7-Abraham Schwaitzberg of Mt.

8-Mildred Grandy of Yantic, Dear-est Dot and the Dog. Winners of prize books living in the city may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a.m. on Thursday.

#### who is getting the habit of refusing to STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

Keeping Poultry. All poultry are descendants of wild

because they are too often refusing to do what will please others—are too disorderly.

Let us see what same of the costs of disobedience are. The disobedient child is the one oftenest crippled in the streets or drowned at the bathing

ver mined that year.

There are many breeds of poultry.
The Brahma, Cochla and Langshan are

fault which seems so unimportant to a food and cracked oyster shells to form lime in the body. They need some grit to grind their food. They need

There should be plenty of fresh air in the coops. Sometimes the coops have open fronts. When bad weather comes, curtains can be drawn. It is good to have an elevated platform un-der the roosts. The nests should be placed so they will be easy to remove

when the coop is being disinfected. AFRAHAM SCHWAITZBERG, Age 12. Mt. Hope.

The Gentle Boy Who Grew to Be a

Gentleman. "You and I are gentlemen," said Will; "I will not take an insult." And he strutted up and down in a rage. He had been throwing stones at Peter

Jones, and he thought his anger proved him to be a gentleman.
"If you want to be a gentleman, you

must be a gentle boy first," said his teacher. "Gentlemen do not throw stones at their neighbors. Peter greased po Jones did not hrow stones at you, and feet high, I think he is much more likely to prove bank note.

gentleman."
But he's got patches on his knees," said Will.

"Bad trousers don't keep a boy from being a gentleman," said the teach-er, "but a bad temper does." A little further on the teacher met eter. Some stones had hit him and hurt him.

"Well, Peter, what's the matter with ou and Will this morning?" asked the teacher.

"I was playing ball and the ball hit 'Il Thompson's dog." "Why did you not throw back?" Because, my mother says to be a gentleman.

The teacher walked on after praising Peter's conduct,
He lived to see Will a rowdy, and Peter a gentleman, loved and respect-

Remember, a gentle boy makes a gentleman.

FRANK PARDY, Age 13.

Let the players sit in two lines op-posite each other at some little dis-tance apart. Then two members stand tance apart. Then two members stand between, one of whom is blindfolded; the other, in a whisper, gives the players on one side of the line the name of vessels; for instance, S. S. Kentucky, the Maine, etc. The leader on the other side he names as different ports, such as Liverpool, Boston, New York, etc. After doing this he stands beside the blindfolded player, who is termed "a wreck" and cries aloud: "S. S. Kentucky is ordered to the port

and the port change places and the it. "wreck" tries to slip into one of the empty places.

for aid from S. S. Kentucky, the Maine and the St. Louis." In the general scramble "the wreck" usually finds a port, and the one without a seat becomes "the wreck."

GEORGE FARRELL, Age 13.

Norwich.

As soon as the first signs of warm weather appear the song birds begin to arrive from their warm home in the outh to the cooler climates in such as

ually the first song bird to arrive and he always tells us when spring is here. Sometimes he arrives when the snow is still on the ground and the poor rob-in has a hard time getting his food, which the sparrow usually gets before

Next they must get to work and build their homes, which usually are in the thickest part of the cherry tree where it will be out of sight of the naughty little children or cats, or other enemies, for which the birds al-

when the weather gets warmer and they are always on the lookout for tests that have been vacated by other

who has had a wakeful night and eagerly awaits the first sound of morn-

The chief food of these birds is worms, and many farmers are thankful to them for ridding their gardens of the worms which often destroy the

This one reason has almost exter-minated most of the more beautiful birds. Many bills have been passed to prevent the destruction of birds. AUGUSTA SHERSHEVSKY, Age 12.

a ride, and as she was riding along past a swamp she heard a noise like a She stopped the horse and went to

see what it was. When she reached the place she saw a little kitten. It was all wet and dirty.

CLAIR HOXIE, Age 3. Colchester.

some men at work chopping wood. He dropped his gun at the foot of the tree and climbed up just in time to get out of the way of the bear.

The bear rushed at the woodchopper, who had no time to get away. He took up his axe and hit the bear on the The bear struck the man with his

So the man took up his axe and hit the bear another blow and the bear lay down dead. LESLIE HOLDRIDGE, Age 5.

Norwich.

slimbed upon a gate to do it, and as he at there, thinking what an ill-used Tinker was Farmer Brown's dog, and he knew Frank well, but today he did not even stop to give him a wag of fold spreads at night. here can he be going in such

hurry?" said Frank, Jumping off the gate and running after him as fast as He found the dog in a turnip field,

and as soon as this was done the frightened sheep ran back to their own place. Then he shut the gate again and, picking up a board which lay upon the ground, stopped up the gap in the fance with it, so that they were not able to get through stain. not able to get through again.

"Bravo! A smart piece of work!" shouted a cheery voice, and there was Farmer Brown, who had been watching the chase. He took Frank to the farm and let him ride the pony and eat as many apples as he pleased. And when at last the boy ran home

again he hugged his mother and said:
"I'm so glad you did not let me swim, mother. I should have missed a lot of fun if I had not seen Tinker run down the lane this afternoon, and besides, I could not have helped Farmer Brown if I had not been right

LILLIAN BREHAUT. East Norwich, N. Y.

A Spirited Contest.

All eyes were turned toward the greased pole which was about eighteen feet high, and at the top fluttered a

Concestants were ranged up at either side and one after another they tried to climb up, but as soon as they were about half way up, down they came. Many refused to try. About the end of a half hour a man and boy were the only two contestants.

the only two contestants.

The boy had shown the most promise from the first, although the man had gone up a good way, but as soon as he neared the top of the pole, down he

Again the boy tried. This time he Again the boy fried. This time he reached the top, and when he put out his hand to grusp the note he lost his balance and came back to the earth. Favor seemed to be with the boy, and, seeing this, the man retired, leaving him sole contestant, and mid cheers and cries from the crowd the boy started up again and won. MARGARET M'VEIGH, Age 12.

How I Made My Corn Grop.

I joined the club because I thought I would learn more about corn and how to take care of it than I knew before

l tested my corn by putting some seeds in a box, and the seeds that came up were good seeds, and the ones that did not come up were not good.

I had half an acre for my field. I cleared away all the stones and cultivated my lot before planting. I had good sunny spot. I planted my corn in straight rows

and only a few kernels in each hill. I and only a few kernels in each fill. I picked out good strong kernels.

Mr. Brundage and another man came to visit it. They took a picture of it. They thought it was nicely cared for.

The weather was good for my cornfield. There were not many insects on the control of the co

During October I harvested my crop. I had a good corn crop.

I had about forty bushels of corn. I had a lot of little ears which I did not count.

I got about four dollars for my corn at Berlin fair. It cost me three dollars to grow my corn.

I have learned how to take care of corn, and I am glad I belong to the corn club.

BERTHA FULLER, Age 10.

#### A Brave Deed.

One night it snowed very hard. The next day it was cold, and that night the snow froze a little bit, and the next day it was very slippery and the trolley car ran off the track.

Children going to school would some-times fall and hurt themselves. One man was in the house looking out of the window and saw some children fall. This man had a boy named Bill and

Bill, go out of doors and clean the

"Bill, go out of doors and clean the sidewalk. Some children going to school have fallen and hurt themselves."
"All right, father," said Bill.
He was out cleaning the sidewalk when a man came along and said:
"Why are you cleaning this long sidewalk and not in school?"
"Some of my schoolmates have fallen and hur; themselves and I made up my mind no more would fall." replied my mind no more would fall," replied Bill.

"All right," said the man. "That is a brave deed, and here is five dollars for your hard work" Central Village. WILLIAM EATON, Age 10.

# St. Patrick.

St. Patrick was born in the year 387 and died in the year 465 A. D. His father belonged to a noble Roman family. His mother was a niece of St. Martin of Tours.

When St. Patrick was about 16 years old he was stolen from his home by some pictures. These pictures sold.

by some pirates. These pirates sold him to a rich man named Mileho. At that time the Irish people had never heard of Christ. They worship-ped the sun, the moon and streams. Their priests were called Druids. St. Patrick had a dream one night. In this dream a messenger said: Behold, a ship is to sail.

When Patrick reached home he was received with great joy. After a few days home he set out to convert Ireland. He converted most of reland, and when he died he was glad to know that 20 churches were established in Ireland. JOHN O: NEIL, Age 13.

Norwich.

#### LETTERS TO UNCLE JED. Venturesome Boys.

Dear Uncle Jed: One warm day in early spring two boys were playing on the ice along the shores of the creek. They had long poles in their hands and were pushing their boats with

The ice bearing the boys broke from the shore and swung into the cur-rent. The boys floated slowly down the stream. They were laughing, The creek became narrow and the current grew faster. Then the people heard cries from the boys under the bridge and saved them. The boys were frightened and cold, but safe.

MARY A BURRILL, Age 11.

Stafford Springs.

### Grandpa Feeds the Birds.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am ten years ld. I live with my grandpa and grandma. Grandma wants me to write to you. Grandpa feeds four kinds of birds, the chickadee, the bluejay and the woodpacker and phoebe. The birds come down on the window sill.
I go to school and have to walk two

My father and mother and my brothers and sisters live in the city but grandpa lives in the quuntry. I like

better than the city.

This is my first letter, so goodbye.

FREDDIE S. RUSSELL. Terryville.

# Liked the Children's Home.

Dear Uncle Jed: I will tell you about the work I did when I was in Putnam. I worked in two different dormitories. I used to work in the kitchen but they wanted me in the dormitory, so I went I swept and mopped the floors, and made thirty-two beds, and I scrubbed the mop boards, and scrubbed stairs, too. I scrubbed the floors on hands and kness. There were two or three girls besides me. We had lots of fun. Sometimes Mrs. Thompson would bring up some candy or some cake. She liked Ruth and I. Ruth and I had to

There are about sixty-four children in the county home I came from. I went to school and I was in the fourth grade. My teacher was very kind to me. I got her mail for her and she writes to me some times.

My sisters say they wish they could do what I did when I was in Putnam. but they went away from there and so ney said they could not do the work. I always had a good time when I was there. I am staying in Williamantic now and I have lots of fun every day. I wash lamp chimneys and wash the dishes and piay with the children and read the paper once in awhile.

I have been having lots of fun with the children at school. When I so back

the children at school. When I go back to Putnam I will do my dormitory again. Mistress will not be there and it will be lopeseme. Ruth and I will do the dormitory alone and have lots of fun, so mother told me when I came up here.

I like this place and think it is very comfortable, DORA DIGGINS, Age 12.

Counted Chickens Before Hatched. Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about a girl who counted her oblokens before they were hatched,

For Infants and Children The Kind You Have **Always Bought** ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT AVegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

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ness and Rest Contains neither

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Bears the Signature

For Over Thirty Years

one three days, and I visited several historical places.

I went over the North church, up in the belfry where Robert Newman hung the lantern as a signal for Paul Revere, and I also saw what they call the Vin-egar Bible, given by King George II.

From there I went to Paul Revere's house and there I saw the cradle his children were rocked in. It was made of a barrel. There were many other interesting things. The

interesting things.
I went over the Art Museum, where there was silver that Paul Revere and his father made many years ago. I have also been to his grave,

I went to Bunker Hill Monument, nd from the tower there was a fine view of the city of Boston.

I went around the Navy Yard and over the Constitution, or Old Ironsides, and to the Museum, where they had bottles of water, one from the riv-er Jordan and one from Jacob's well.

I enjoyed my visit very much and wish all the little boys and girls could see the same sights.

MYRTICE L. BROWNING, Age 9.

Where They Make the Maple Syrup. Dear Uncle Jed: One day last August my mother, brother and myself went 108 miles on the train from here, to Cavendish, Vermont, to see my un-

From my uncle's house we could see many high mountains. Some of them were covered with pine and maple trees. That's where they get the ma-One day my uncle took us to see the gorge where the Black river runs through. The water is so black that fish cannot live in it. I go to Mount Pleasant Street

school. RAYMOND HEEBNER, Age 9. Norwich.

# She Found a Quail's Nest.

Dear Uncle Jed: Last summer when was out in the fields picking daisies I thought that I saw some eggs under a lot of long grasses that grew under an old apple tree. I looked at it more closely and found that it was a quall's nest with 14 eggs in it.

Another day when I looked at it I found that there were 16 in it.

When my father mowed the field he left the grass that grew around it. But it frightened the mother bird so much that she never came there any more. My father took the eggs and put them inside of the barn. He trie get a bantam hen to set on them, he could not find any, so he had to

throw them away.
One time I had some pheasant eggs

This spring I hope to have some chickens of my own, and to have better luck with them. ing and most always I went with him. My father wishes me to have some White Plymouth Rocks, but I would rather have some other kind, because do not like white her MILDRED GRANDY.

An Interesting Talk. Dear Uncle Jed: I have not written for a long time, because when I have to go to choir rehearsals every Tuesday and Thursday and do my work outside and school work, there isn't much time; and whenever I do get time to write my little 3 year old sister comes up behind me into my chair and talks to me, and says "she wants to write, too," so I cannot write then be-

cause I don't want to be cross to her and send her away. Seeing it is Lincoln's birthday I want to tell you what Mr. Hill (secretary Y. M. C. A.) said to us at our church at our revival services about Lincoln. said he loved Lincoln very much. He went into Lincoln's old home out west Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you and the rest of the Wide-Awakes about some of the in-teresting things I saw while living in and saw it just as Lincoln lived in it There was an old chair which Lincoln

As Mr. Hill got ready to go home he as air. Hill got ready to go nome he noticed a paper with writing on it, and a brownish spot on it. He asked the caretaker what it was. As the old man's eyes filled with tears, he said:

That is the programme Lincoln held as he was shot and the spot was a drop of his blood." Mr. Hill said he loved Lincoln very much, but he loved him even more when he stood in the presence of him

blood, which had been given to free so many poor slaves. I had never heard anybody that had been at Lincoln's home before, and I was very interesting to me.

If it had not been for Lincoln peo-ple would be selling slaves now LLOYD RATHBUN, Age 11.

The origin of sauerkraut is lost in

antiquity Only One "BROMO QUININE."

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell who counted her blekens before they were hatched.

One day a girl was walking along you about my visit in Boston. I was of E. W. Grove on box. 25c.

# ONE RAINY DAY

"Oh, dear!" sighed Helen, if we their mother had taken from the parwere at grandma's, there would be ler vase.

Werold ast looking out at some lit-

integrity to do."

maddy street. He did not answer, Presently Helen tried again. "Tay Harold, are you asleep? Can't you think of something to play? I thank you might try!" she pouted.

Hanold looked at Helen as she sat

with her nose pressed against the the twins had explained about their farm ward. "I think I have brought the very thing you will like best wrope mean, game of tag.
"Your nose will be a real pag if you're not careful. Heton" he exclaimed. "I speak about a game in a story book this week. It is called a Make-Believe Form. We ought to know about farms. Let's make one like

"Where can we make it?"
"On the kinchen table. The cioth is green and will do for grass. Go get the clothes-pins and I'll show you have to build a pig-pen."
There worked steadily building their farm as Harold remembered in the story. Helen's pen was built and filled with pigs. They were tat little building. Harold found a passebard

story. Helen's pen was built and filled with pigs. They were far little pultions. Harvid found a pasteboard nover from an old picture book and stood if in one corner for a barn. He built a doming and a checker fence around it. His cows were marbles

around it. His cows were marbles while some glossy brown horse-chest-nuts made fine horses.

"I must have some hambs," decided Helen. She rolled some pieces of white worsted balls that made fleecy little lambs and built a sheep-fold of blocks. A bit of proken glass was the blocks. A bit of proken glass was the bottom of the bag.

"It's tail is broken off, but we'll call a Rosion Terrier," she laughed.

wish we had some trees," said We'll get some the rext time we vere shining brightly. The rain poured visit grandpa." planned Harold. We steadily on, and the little drenched steadily on, and the little drenched sparrows hopped about the gutters unnoticed, for the little farmers were and cedar would make a splendid grove. Now let's get some of that the prediction of the little farmers were carefully tending their flocks.

The green table-cloth was the prediction of the little farmers were carefully tending their flocks.

They spread some paper, on the ta-ble and covered it with sand. In this the farm-yard had to be stored away they planted celery tips, geranium leaves and some faded flowers that

"H's not so pretty as grandma's but it's rather good for make-believe," decided Helen. the brown binds hopping about in the They drove the animals from the barn to the pond and back again and put the frisky lambs out to pasture, Helen tried to shear their wool with

the scissors. In the midst of the fun, their mother returned. What a fine game!" she said, when

She placed a paper tag upon the table "Oh-" cried Helen, peoping in:
"Great" said Harold, taking out a plump listful of aremas crackers, "Horses! Cows! Goats! Dogs! Bears!

Lions: Elephants: Camels! We can have a circus, too." Their mother showed them how to stand the animals upright by leaning them against pins stuck in the table. Harold found a box and cut holes for windows and a door, and soon had a little building where the wild circus animals could live.

Mischief, the kitten, came looking inquisitively at their farm. Suddenly when the twins were not watching she raised her white paw and knocked the cracker dog on the floor.

"Oh," Harold," craed Helen, "there

it a Boston Terrier," she laughed.
All the long rainy afternoon, they were busy and happy as if the sun were shining brightly. The rain poured

sand we brought from the beach last ty mendow near grandpa's barn. The summer and make a garden."

"All right" agreed Helen. "Mamma Harold had caught turtles and thy won't care if we don't spill it on the lish. Even the cracker dog without a tail was named for Rover

Nellie M. Leonard-Happyland.

geranium | until another rainy day came

Any Port in a Storm.

S. S. Kentucky is ordered to the port of Liverpool,"

Whereupon the ship of that name

Then the player who calls out the changes may give "the wreck" a better opportunity by saying:
"London, Boston and New York, call

Our Song Birds.

we live.

The robin with his red breast is us-

ways look wisely forward.

Many more beautiful birds arrive

We can often hear these beautiful song hirds singing in the trees surrounding the house just after the sun has risen, and their songs often gindden the sick heart of some poor invalid

Eantam and Polish.

Poutry should bave grain, animal food and cracked oyster shells to form lime in the body. They need some lime in the body. They need some songsters, of the eggs which they have songsters, of the eggs which they have songsters. carefully guarded. Many shoot the irds as a pastime and nothing more. The slaughter of many of the wild birds is for the reason that their feath-ers may go to decorate women's hats.

> How a Kitten Was Saved. One summer day a woman went for

She took it home and washed it. The kitten soon grew and is now a strong and beautiful cat. It is still alive.

## A Bear Hunt,

A young man went into the forests of Maine to hunt bears. After he had looked about for some time for tracks he struck a fresh trail. As he walked along in a careless way, with his gun unloaded, all of a sudden a large bear jumped out from the bushes and with an angry growl came towards him.

The young man had no time to load is gun, but ran away as fast as he his gun, but ran away as taken could. In a grove of trees he had seen could. In a grove of trees he had seen

paw. Then the man was in dreadful right. The bear was so dizzy that he fid not know what the man meant to

Frank and the Sheep. Frank's mother would not let him wim in the pond with the other boys. so he said he had nothing to do, and boy he was. Tinker ran down the lane, his tail but hurried on without no-

trying to drive out the farmer's sheep, which had escaped from their pasture through a gap in the fence.
Frank climbed over the fence and opened the gate between the two fields

and she had a pail of milk on her head and she was saying to herself: "The money I will get for this milk will be enough to buy a chicken; the eggs that the chicken will lay will selffor enough to buy a new dress. The dress will be green—no, I don't look good in green—I wonder if there is good in green—I wonder it there is any such color as sky-blue-pink. I guess it will be pink, and I will go to dancing school and they will all want to dance with me, but I will take the handsomest—no, I will take the richest and he will come with an an-tomobile and take me home."

omobile and take me home."

Now all this time she was raising ser head higher and higher with pride when the pail of milk tipped over and spilled This story goes to prove two old sayings: that "Pride goeth before a fall," and "Never count your chickens until they are hatched."

A. HELEN LAND, Age 9.

Norwich, Working Out. Dear Uncle Jed: I want to tell you about tobacco. The farmers think that there is more money in raising tobacco

than there is in raising vegetables and

other things.
I worked for a man last summer and got one dollar a day. I helped to weed the beds and water them. I pulled some of the plants. I drew the water for the tobacco setter. Then we had to hoe and sucker it. When they cut the tobacco I helped hand tobacco. With some of my money I bought a

Scotch collie puppy. He is now about ple syrup half grown and knows many tricks. I bought many other things and kept some for spending money and put the spending money and put the figh cannot for the control of the cannot be a seen to be a rest in the bank. E ABBOTT SMITH, Age 11.

His Visit to the Country. Dear Uncle Jed: I have never writ-ten to you before, but I thought I would write and tell you about my vis-

it to the country.

Last summer I went to visit my aunt's farm. We started at noon and got there about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. When I got rosted I went around to see the different things on the farm. My aunt had two horses; one was named Kitty and the other Simon. The one my aunt liked best was Simon and the one my uncle liked best was Kitty. Kitty got sick first and she died and Simon felt so bad that he got sick and died, too. My aunt

and uncle felt very sorry to lose them.
They also have two dogs, one a shepherd and the other a buildog. The one My aunt also has chickens, ducks and ganders. Every morning I got up early and went to the coop to see how many eggs were there. I always found quite a few, because my and has quite a number of the coop to see has quite a number of the coop to see has quite a number of the coop to see how any eggs were there. I always right, for they all a number of the coop to see has quite a number of the coop to see how any eggs were there. I always right, for they all a number of the coop to see how any eggs were there. I always right, for they all a number of the coop to see how any eggs were there. found quite a few, because my aunt has quite a number of hens.

My uncle went to town every morn-

I used to help rake the hay and went berrying quite a lot because they grow around the farm.
One day when I was picking berries
I got in a wasps' nest and one of them stung me on the arm. I went to the house and my aunt put some kind of

ing, because I could not sleep with the ganders and ducks outside, they make such a noise. The cows are so tame they come and stick their heads in the window.

I liked to feed the chickens and pigs.
I stayed there two weeks and then
started for home. I did not like to started for home. I did not like to go, but I expect to go to the country

My aunt has apple, pear and cherry

I got up very early in the morn

again next summer, THOMAS O'CONNELL Norwich.

Norfolk, Va.

Norfolk, Va. We lived on Wood street and we had a great big backyard, with six large fig trees growing there. When the figs were ripe they were a brownish color and were shaped like a pear, but were filled with tiny seeds.
Sometimes we used to go to City
park. It is a very beautiful park, with
lovely rose arbors and hedges on both
sides of the walks and hundreds of

umbrella trees. There was a large building with all kinds of animals

On Decoration day we went out to Elmwood cemetery and waited for the parade to march in. It was quite a large parade and the soldiers were dressed in gray and carried a Confed-erate flag in the front and the American flag in back. There was a car riage filled with ladies with gray capes and caps on, who sang very sweetly. Some time I will write again and tell you about other things I saw, IRENE KIEDASCH, Age 11.